

LANCASTER GAZETTE

"PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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Thursday Morning Dec. 6, 1855.

The Stormy Sea.

Rejoice the sailor who is sailing, In the sunset at his sailing, And a lovely maiden, sitting Underneath her threshold tree; And as daylight died before us, And the vapor shrouded o'er us, Until the rose the tender charms— Jamie's on the stormy sea.

[From Dickens' Household Words.]

TARDY JUSTICE.

In the year of grace sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, Lawrence Guillemot d'Anglade, lived in a fine house in the Rue Royale, at Paris, near the Bastille. He and his wife lived in great style, kept their carriage, played high, talked incessantly of their high birth and family estate, appeared to have plenty of money—which they lent occasionally upon good security—and on the strength of their own representations obtained entrance into the society of some of the best houses in Paris. For the rest, they were a worthy, respectable couple, like hundreds of others; their only sin being that they gave themselves out for being much richer and grander than they actually were; M. d'Anglade being a man of low birth and very moderate means. This was the beginning of all the sorrows that afterwards befell them.

and all the servant accompanied them, except a femme-de-chambre, named Forme, and one lacquy. Four sewing women, employed to embroider some hangings for Madame de Montgomeri, were also left in the house; but they were lodged in another part of the building. The key of the outer door of the room on the first floor was confided to the femme-de-chambre; the Abbe Gagnard shut and double locked the door of his room on the ground floor; and the family departed, considering that they had left every thing secure. This was showing a contempt for burglars that, under the circumstances, amounted to rashness; and they seem to have thought so, for they returned home suddenly, twenty-four hours earlier than they had intended. The count declared that his mind was troubled by the sight of some drops of blood which he found upon a table cloth, that he determined to quit Villa Voasin that moment, having a presentiment that something had happened. The abbe and the servants did not arrive until after him. The first thing that struck the abbe was, finding his room-door ajar, although, during the absence of the count and countess, it had seemed to be closed; the abbe having double-locked it with his own hands, and the key had never been out of his possession. All the servants remarked the fact, but at the moment it did not singular to state, make much impression on them. Supper was served to the count and countess in the salle-a-manger, and they were still at table when their neighbor, d'Anglade, came home, at eleven o'clock, accompanied by the Abbe de Fleury and de Villars, who had supped with him at the house of la Presidente Robert. Finding the count and countess were returned, they all went in, and presently Madame d'Anglade joined them. After a little lively conversation they all separated for the night, and everything seemed as usual.

The next morning the Count de Montgomeri discovered that he had been robbed. The lock of his strong box had been forced, and every thing it contained had been carried away. He, of course, made a complaint to the lieutenant-crier of the chatelet, who, with the procureur, led no time in repairing to the spot. On examination they declared the robbery to have been committed by some one upon the premises, and declared upon searching the whole house, d'Anglade and his wife requested that their own apartments should be the first examined. Strict scrutiny was made, but nothing could be discovered in the rooms they inhabited. The officers proceeded to the attics. Madame d'Anglade excused herself from accompanying them upon a plea of sudden faintness. Up to the attics the officers went, and concealed in an old chest, under wearing apparel and household linen, they found a rouleau of sixty louis an oordon, wrapped in a printed paper, which the Count de Montgomeri declared was his genealogy. He also said that part of the money stolen from him consisted of louis an oordon of the year sixteen hundred and eighty-six, and sixteen hundred and eighty-seven.

When d'Anglade was questioned about this money he stammered and could give no account of how he came by it. He seemed in despair, and Madame d'Anglade said that the door of the apartment of the Abbe de Gagnard had not been secured as it ought to have been, and she insisted that it should likewise be searched. This was done, it was found that money had been abstracted from five bags, each containing a thousand livres. As the Abbe Gagnard had double-locked the door before his departure and never parted with the key out of his possession, this incident confirmed the suspicion that had settled upon d'Anglade and his wife. The lieutenant-crier went so far as to say to d'Anglade— "Either you or I must have committed the robbery." So convinced was he that he had secured the guilty person, that he declared it useless to waste time in making any further search, especially as the count said he could answer for the honesty of all his own servants.

D'Anglade and his wife were taken formally into custody; their persons were searched, and seventeen louis-d'or and a double pistole, Spanish money, were found in d'Anglade's purse—a circumstance which strengthened the suspicion against him, as a part of the money stolen was pistoles. It came out also that d'Anglade, who was in the habit of supping every night at town, always took the key of the street-door; there being no regular porter; but upon the night on which the robbery must have been committed, he supped at home, contrary to his usual custom. This crowning piece of circumstantial evidence seemed decisive; seals were placed on all the doors, and d'Anglade and his wife were carried off to prison, the husband was placed in the chatelet, and the wife in Fort d'Evreque. They were each thrown into a dungeon, and the jailors were strictly charged to prevent them seeing or communicating with any one. There confinement was made as severe as possible. Madame d'Anglade had a dangerous miscarriage, but it brought no amelioration to the rigor of her prison.

The trial came on. Witnesses were heard for the prosecution. Amongst the chief were the count's servants and the father was jailor to the prison in Mans, and the son had nothing to live upon when he came to Paris, except the meagre sum he had in the Lait d'Esprit. When he entered the house of the Count de Montgomeri in quest of alms, he was in the most abject poverty; but, three months after he quitted him, he lived in something like opulence. He had never been suspected of any special crime; but he was intimate with Belestre. He was moreover perfectly acquainted with everything that passed in the count's household; and, above all, he knew that the count had received a large sum of money in a month of June, sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, and he also knew where it was kept.

They were both arrested. The woman, La Comble, alias Cantan, Belestre's mistress, gave evidence which was corroborated by a crowd of other witnesses; and it was clearly proved that Belestre had committed the robbery by means of false keys, and with the assistance of Gagnard. Belestre endured the torture without confessing anything; but Gagnard had less fortitude and confessed his crime. He said, too, that he was so much alarmed when the lieutenant-crier was examining the premises, that he should have confessed everything. A comfortable hearing for that officer!

THE GIBBET RELIEVED THE WORLD OF THESE TWO SCOUNDRELS.

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